

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellens* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I sweare to you, I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Paris*.

*Cres.* Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.

*Pan.* Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th' other day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or foure haire on his chinne.

*Cres.* Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

*Pand.* Why he is very yong, and yet will be within three pound list as much as his brother *Hector*.

*Cres.* Is he is so young a man, and so old a lister?

*Pan.* But to prouue to you that *Hellen* loues him, she came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

*Cres.* Iuno haue mercy, how came it clouen?

*Pan.* Why, you know 'tis dimpled, I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

*Cres.* Oh he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Does hee not?

*Cres.* Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

*Pan.* Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troilus*.

*Cres.* *Troilus* will stand to thee

Prooffe, if youle prouue it so.

*Pan.* *Troilus* why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

*Cres.* If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th' shell.

*Pan.* I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed shee has a maruell's white hand I must needs confesse.

*Cres.* Without the racke.

*Pan.* And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on his chinne.

*Cres.* Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

*Pand.* But there was much laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

*Cres.* With Millstones.

*Pan.* And *Cassandra* laught.

*Cres.* But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

*Pan.* And *Hector* laught.

*Cres.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pand.* Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* spied on *Troilus* chin.

*Cres.* And t'had beene a greene haire, I should haue laught too.

*Pand.* They laught not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answere.

*Cres.* What was his answere?

*Pan.* Quoth shee, heere's but two and fifty haire on your chinne; and one of them is white.

*Cres.* This is her question.

*Pand.* That's true, make no question of that, two and fiftie haire quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Impiter* quoth she, which of these haire is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chafte, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

*Cres.* So let it now,

For is has beene a great while going by.

*Pan.* Well Cozen,

I told you a thing yesterday, thinke on't.

*Cres.* So I does.

*Pand.* He be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill.

*Cres.* And Ile spring vp in his reares, an'twere a nettie against May.

*Pan.* Harke they are coming from the field, shal we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward Illium, good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

*Cres.* At your pleasure.

*Pan.* Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may see most brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troilus* aboue the rest.

Enter *Aeneas*.

*Cres.* Speake not so low'd.

*Pan.* That's *Aeneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but merke *Troilus*, you shal see anon.

*Cres.* Who's that?

Enter *Antenor*.

*Pan.* That's *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th soundest iudgement in Troy whosoeuer, and a proper man of person: when comes *Troilus*? Ile shew you *Troilus* anon, if hee see me, you shal see him him nod at me.

*Cres.* Will he giue you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cres.* If he do, the rich shall haue, more.

Enter *Hector*.

*Pan.* That's *Hector*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; is't not a braue man?

*Cres.* O braue man?

*Pan.* Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmer, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no iesting, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

*Cres.* Be those with Swords?

Enter *Paris*.

*Pan.* Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him; it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, is't not a gailant man to, is't not? Why this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troilus* now, you shal *Troilus* anon.

*Cres.* Whose that?

Enter *Hellenus*.

*Pan.* That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troilus* is, that's *Hellenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus*.

*Cres.* Can *Hellenus* fight Vnkle?

*Pan.* *Hellenus* no: yee heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troilus* is; harke, do you not haere the people crie *Troilus*? *Hellenus* is a Priest.

*Cres.* What ineking fellow comes yonder?

Enter *Troilus*.

*Pan.* Where? Yonder? That's *Daiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem; Braue *Troilus*, the Prince of Chualrie.

*Cres.* Peace, for shame peace.

*Pand.* Marke him, not him: O braue *Troilus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is blow'd, and his Helme more hacks then *Hectors*, and how he lookes,

lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're saw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way, had I a sister were a *Grace*, or a daughter a Goddess, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would giue money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

*Cres.* Heere come more.

*Pan.* Asses, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porridge after meat. I could liue and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes, and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be lach a man as *Troilus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

*Cres.* There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troilus*.

*Pan.* *Achilles*? A Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

*Cres.* Well, well.

*Pan.* Well, well? Why haue you any discretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, b'auty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?

*Cres.* I a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pyc, for then the mans dates out.

*Pan.* You are such another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

*Cres.* Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vpon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at all these wardes I lye at, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches.

*Cres.* Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I rook the blow, vnlesse it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Enter Boy.

*Pan.* You are such another.

*Boy.* Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* At your owne house.

*Pan.* Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt. Fare ye well good Neece.

*Cres.* Adieu Vnkle.

*Pan.* Ile be with you Neece by and by.

*Cres.* To bring Vnkle.

*Pan.* I, a token from *Troilus*.

*Cres.* By the same token, you are a Bawd. Exit *Pand.* Words, vovs, gifts, teares, & loues full sacrifice, He offers in anothers enterprise:

But more in *Troilus* thousand fold I see, Then in the glasse of *Pandars* praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing, Things won are done, ioyes soule lyes in the dooing:

That she belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this; Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.

That she was neuer yet, that euer knew Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach; "Achieuement, is command; vngain'd, beseech."

That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare, Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. Exit.

Senet. Enter *Agamemnon*, *Nestor*, *Vlysses*, *Diomedes*, *Melenas*, with others.

*Agam.* Princes:

What greefe hath set the laundies on your cheekes?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs, begun on earth below

Fayles in the promist largenesse: cheekes and disaisters

Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd.

As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound Pine, and diuers his Graiue

Tortue and erant from his course of growth.

Not Princes, is it matter new to vs,

That we come short of our suppose so farre,

That after seuen yeares siege, yet Troy walles stand,

Sith euery action that hath gone before,

Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme:

And that vn bodied figure of the thought

That gaue't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes)

Do you with cheekes abash'd, behold our workes,

And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else

But the protractiue trials of great loue,

To finde perfitiue constancie in men?

The finenesse of which Mettall is not found

In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,

The Wise and Foole, the Artift and vn-read,

The hard and soft, seeme all affind, and kin.

But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne,

Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,

Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;

And what hath masse, or matter by it selfe,

Lies rich in Vertue, and vamingled.

*Nestor.* With due Obseruance of thy godly feat,

Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply

Thy latest words.

In the reproofe of Chance,

Lies the true prooffe of men: The Sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile

Vpon her patient brest, making their way

With those of Nobler bulke?

But let the Russian *Boreas* once enrage

The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold

The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,

Bounding betweene the two moyst Elements

Like *Perseus* Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boate,

Whose weake vntimber'd sides but euen now

Co-riual'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,

Or made a Tofte for Neptune. Euen so,

Doth valours shew, and valours worth diuide

In stormes of Fortune.

For, in her ray and brightnesse,

The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze

Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde

Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,

And Flies fled vnder shade, why then

The thing of Courage,

As row'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,

And with an accent tun'd in selfe-lame key,

Retyres to chiding Fortune.

*Vlyss.* *Agamemnon*:

Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,

Heart of four Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,

In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all

Should be shut vp: Heare what *Vlysses* speakes,

Besides the applause and approbation

The which most mighty for thy place and sway,

And